



vol 1
9 MICHELANGELO LIEDER
& EARLY SONGS

HUGO WOLF
the complete songs

LYDIA TEUSCHER
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Recorded live at St John the Evangelist, Iffley Road, Oxford

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

the complete songs

vo1
9 MICHELANGELO LIEDER
& EARLY SONGS

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(*Walter Robert-Tornow after Michelangelo Buonarroti*)

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70'39

Lydia Teuscher *soprano* ^a
 Thomas Hobbs *tenor* ^b
 William Berger *baritone* ^c
 Robert Holl *bass* ^d
 Sholto Kynoch *piano*

HUGO WOLF

Hugo Filipp Jakob Wolf was born on 13 March 1860, the fourth of six surviving children, in Windischgraz, Styria, then part of the Austrian Empire. He was taught the piano and violin by his father at an early age and continued to study piano at the local primary school. His secondary education was unsuccessful, leaving his school in Graz after one term and then the Benedictine abbey school in St Paul after two years for failing Latin. When, in 1875, his lack of interest in all subjects other than music led to him leaving his next school in Marburg after another two years, it was decided that he should live with his aunt in Vienna and study at the conservatoire.

In Vienna he attended the opera with his new circle of friends, which included the young Gustav Mahler, and became a devotee of Wagner. However, after only two years he was unfairly dismissed from the conservatoire for a breach of discipline, after a fellow student sent the director a threatening letter, signing it Hugo Wolf.

He continued to compose and returned to Vienna in 1877 to earn a living as a music teacher, but he did not have the necessary temperament for this vocation and would, throughout his life, rely on the generosity of friends and patrons to support him. The composer Goldschmidt took him under his wing and introduced him to influential acquaintances, as well as lending him books, music and money. It was, however, under Goldschmidt's guidance that he paid a visit to a brothel in 1878, resulting in him contracting syphilis, which later led to his insanity and early death. This sexual initiation coincided with his first major burst of songwriting.

His mood swings and sporadic creativity were now quite pronounced, and he stayed with friends who could offer him the tranquillity and independence he needed to work. In 1881, Goldschmidt found him a post as second conductor in Salzburg, where his musical talents were greatly appreciated, but his violent quarrelling with the director led to his return to Vienna early the following year. For a while his mood brightened, but by 1883, the year of Wagner's death, he had stopped writing music.

At this point, his future seemed uncertain. His work had been declined by publishers Schott and Breitkopf, he had writer's block, and he quarrelled with friends. He had been teaching Melanie Köchert since 1881, and with the influence of her husband he was appointed music critic of the Sunday journal *Wiener Salonblatt*, for which he spent three years writing pro-Wagnerian, anti-Brahmsian pieces. Although this was useful, it did get in the way of his

composition, and attempts to have his own works played were thwarted by musicians who had fallen foul of his sharp criticism.

He began to write music again in 1886, finally confident in his talents. In May 1887, his father died, and although Wolf wrote little for the rest of the year, a publisher did produce two volumes of his songs, one dedicated to his mother, the other to the memory of his father.

Again taking refuge with friends, Wolf now began a sudden, spontaneous burst of songwriting, emerging from years as a music critic and coinciding with the start of his love affair with Melanie Köchert. By March, after 43 Mörike settings, he took a break with friends and then began another spate of songwriting in September resulting in thirteen Eichendorff and more Mörike songs. He returned to Vienna and in February 1889 had finished all but one of the 51 songs of his Goethe songbook. After another summer break, he returned to writing and April 1890 saw him complete his 44 Spanish songs. By June 1890, this creative period of two and a half years had produced a total of 174 songs.

Wolf's fame had now spread beyond Austria, with articles being written in German publications. His exhaustion and bouts of depression and insomnia meant that he wrote very little for most of 1891, but at the end of December wrote another 15 Italian songs. For the next three years, he barely wrote a note.

In April 1895, spurred on by Humperdinck's operatic success of *Hänsel und Gretel*, he again began composing from dawn till dusk. By early July the piano score of his four-act opera *Der Corregidor* was complete, with the orchestration taking the rest of the year. It was turned down by Vienna, Berlin and Prague but finally staged in Mannheim to great success. He completed his Italian songbook with 24 songs written in the period from 25 March to 30 April 1896.

In March 1897, he wrote his last songs: settings of German translations of Michelangelo sonnets. He was, by now, clearly a sick man, but nevertheless in September he embarked on a new opera, feverishly completing sixty pages in three weeks. It was at this point that he succumbed to madness, claiming to have been appointed the director of the Vienna Opera. Under restraint, he was taken to an asylum, and although he returned home to Vienna briefly in 1898, he was returned to an institution later that year after trying to drown himself. His devoted Melanie visited him regularly until his death on 22 February 1903. He is buried in the Vienna Central Cemetery beside Schubert and Beethoven.

The publication of **Sechs Lieder für eine Frauenstimme** was due entirely to the kindness and generosity of Friedrich Eckstein, a friend of independent means who was always ready to help the composer in times of emotional and financial need. Wolf's father had died on 9 May 1887, and having already canvassed several important publishers in Germany and Austria without success, Wolf now fell prey to one of those bouts of melancholy that affected him throughout his life. Eckstein's offer to finance the publication of twelve songs, the choice of which he left to the composer, was nothing less than a life-line. The first set was dedicated to Wolf's mother, and opens with **Morgentau** (1877), a poem that he found in a volume of poetry that his father had written out for his mother, claiming that he himself was the author! The seventeen year-old composer's response to the somewhat anodyne poem was to produce a song of great melodic charm, which ends on a sustained D floated over two bars, while the piano's left hand recalls the opening. **Das Vöglein** was composed on 2 May 1878 at a time when Wolf, with his customary thoroughness, was immersing himself in Hebbel's letters and poetry. It was chosen, perhaps, because of Schumann's duet setting Op.79 no.15, and it gave Wolf problems at the outset, but inspiration returned when he was sitting in the Schwarzenberg Park in Vienna and heard a finch singing – the accompaniment to his song flutters along, and the vocal line chirps merrily. **Die Spinnerin** (5-12 April 1878) must have been familiar to him from Loewe's breathless Op.62 setting, and his own version, though less ecstatic, contains many happy effects, such as the way in which he dispenses with any piano introduction and introduces us immediately to the nubile girl's emotional awakening. **Wiegenlied im Sommer** and **Wiegenlied im Winter** were written in quick succession on 17 and 20 December 1882; the popularity of the summer lullaby with its rocking rhythm has unjustly eclipsed the winter song. The set ends with **Mausfallen-Sprüchelein**; composed as early as 18 June 1882, there is no song that better illustrates the composer's view, expressed later in life, that the early songs were in their own way already typical Wolf: 'You can already detect the wolf-cub!'

Wolf, like Loewe and Schubert before him, fell under the spell of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe from an early age. In 1875, aged 15, while still living at home, he had set three Goethe poems for male chorus (*Mailied, Im Sommer, Geistesgruss*). Op.3 contains three Lieder to famous poems by Goethe that had already attracted many other composers:

Sehnsucht (Reichardt, Beethoven, Schubert and Fanny Hensel); **Der Fischer** (Reichardt, Zelter, Schubert, Tomášek, Loewe and Vesque von Püttlingen); **Auf dem See** (Reichardt, Tomášek, Schubert, Loewe and Fanny Hensel). Similarly, his Goethe song from Op.9, **Erster Verlust**, had previously been set by Reichardt, Zelter, Tomášek and Mendelssohn. All these songs were composed in Marburg or Windischgraz before the middle of September 1875, and although they reveal very little of the genius to come, they are extremely well crafted, and the manuscripts in the Vienna Staatsbibliothek meticulously executed. **Gretchen vor dem Andachtsbild der Mater Dolorosa** dates from 1878 and is a rarity in Wolf's output, in that it took nearly three weeks to compose. Wolf was only eighteen, two years younger than Schubert when he had wrestled with the same text, but he produced a song of great religious intensity, a mood to be found again in the *Spanisches Liederbuch*. Gretchen, when she sings this song, is pregnant and abandoned by Faust. As she decorates the shrine of the Mater dolorosa, she chants the opening of her song – a paraphrase of Jacopone di Todi's thirteenth century Good Friday hymn, that Palestrina and others also set to music.

Just as these early Goethe Lieder anticipate the 51 settings of the Goethe Songbook that were composed in 1888 and 1889, so the early Mörike settings, **Suschens Vogel** (1880) and **Die Tochter der Heide** (1884) look ahead to the 53 songs of the magnificent Mörike Songbook of 1888. *Suschens Vogel*, composed on Christmas Eve 1880, and *Die Tochter der Heide* on 11 July 1884, are not of this calibre, but it's interesting to see Wolf feeling his way towards a Mörike idiom. Interesting also to note that both *Suschens Vogel* and *Die Tochter der Heide* both have infidelity or unhappy love as their theme, like so many of the Mörike songs set by Wolf: *Der Knabe und das Immlin*, *Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag*, *Das verlassene Mägdlein*, *Im Frühling*, *Agnes*, *Zitronenfalter im April*, *Frage und Antwort*, *Lebe wohl*, *Lied vom Winde*, *Lied eines Verliebten*, *Peregrina*, *Verborgenheit* etc.

The other published volume financed by Eckstein – mentioned above – was the **Sechs Gedichte von Scheffel, Mörike, Goethe und Kerner. Wächterlied auf der Wartburg** is one of two settings of poems by Joseph von Scheffel (*Biterolf* is the other), which commemorate the death of the once celebrated writer of historical romances, who had died in 1886. The poem talks of devotion to God, purity of spirit and confidence in the dawning

new century, and Wolf, with a succession of processional bass octaves and left-hand *tremolandos*, does his best to catch the spirit of Scheffel's poem, without quite succeeding. **Der König bei der Krönung** dates from March 1886, and sets a poem by Mörike. There is something Wagnerian about the grandiose music at 'dass ich wie eine Sonne strahle dem Vaterland', and we are reminded that the young Wolf idolized Wagner, and actually met him in Vienna in December 1875 at the Imperial Hotel, where he asked the Master to express an opinion on his compositions: 'Go on working hard and when I come back to Vienna again show me your compositions'. Wolf described the meeting in a charming letter from December 1875 to his parents. **Biterolf** was composed in 1886. The poem clearly moved Wolf, and the music with its slow minims and semibreves depicts with great sincerity the religious fervour of the soldier and his longing to see again his native Thuringia. **Beherzigung** ('Feiger Gedanken') dates from 1887, and was his first setting of Goethe to be published; the song, rather too neatly perhaps, contrasts timidity and pusillanimity (G minor) with courage and daring (G major). **Wanderers Nachtlied** is one of only three songs that Wolf composed in the four years that followed Wagner's death in 1883. Challier lists 47 settings of this celebrated lyric by Goethe in his *Grosser Lieder-Katalog* of 1885, published two years before Wolf's setting. Wolf's melody is not as memorable as Schubert's, but there are wonderful modulations to admire, and a vivid depiction of world-weariness in the drooping figure at 'Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde' which is then repeated in a brighter key at the final 'komm in meine Brust'. The first verse of Kerner's **Zur Ruh, zur Ruh!** was quoted at Wolf's funeral by Dr Michael Haberlandt who, having described the vicissitudes of the composer's life, ended his oration by introducing the poem with these words: 'And now, as you sang in one of your loveliest songs...' It was composed in 1883 and with *Morgentau* was the first Wolf song to be heard in public at a recital given by the contralto Rosa Papier-Paumgartner in Vienna's Bösendorfer Saal on 2 March 1888.

Though Michelangelo wrote poetry from an early age, it was not until the sonnets to Tommaso Cavalieri and the poems to Vittoria Colonna that he found his characteristic voice. Wolf's Michelangelo settings were the last he composed before he was taken to the asylum where he died. **Wohl denk' ich oft** translates an eight-line stanza by Michelangelo, *I' vo pensando al mio viver di prima*; **Alles endet, was entstehet** comes from one of the *Canti de' Morti* (*Chiunque nasce a morte arriva*); and **Fühlt meine Seele** is a translation of

Sonnet 50, *Non so se s'è la desiata luce*, addressed to Vittoria Colonna, the object of Michelangelo's mystical love. Wolf had received a copy of the original Italian poems with German translations by Walter Robert-Tornow during Christmas 1896, and intended to set at least six of them. Four were eventually composed, but he was dissatisfied with *Irdische und himmlische Liebe* and later destroyed it. When asked by Edmund Hellmer why he had composed the songs for bass, he replied: 'Of course a sculptor has to sing bass.' *Fühlt meine Seele* is a love song – Wolf's farewell to love and the last of many tributes to the power of a woman's eyes. The initial melancholy of E minor yields to E major, and at 'Daran sind, Herrin, deine Augen schuld', there is a diatonic soaring in celebration of those eyes that always acted as a creative catalyst to Wolf. The second song, *Alles endet, was entsteht* – he originally wished to call it *Vanitas Vanitatum* – is perhaps the bleakest utterance in the entire Lieder repertoire, a terrifying vision of death and decay. Wolf considered it to be the finest of the original four, characterized by an 'astonishing truly antique simplicity' (letter to Oscar Grohe). The gloom lifts fleetingly at the E major passage ('Menschen waren wir ja auch'), but the song ends as lifelessly as it had begun. Wolf described this foreboding masterpiece in the same letter to Grohe, dated 24 March 1897: 'I am truly scared of this work, for as I contemplate it I fear for my reason.' Prophetic words – before the year was out, his mind had gone. The same letter to Grohe also explains the music of *Wohl denk' ich oft*:

'The music begins with a sorrowful introduction and maintains this tone till just before the end, when unexpectedly it assumes a vigorous character – a development from the first motive – and closes with triumphant fanfares, like a flourish, sounded by his contemporaries in homage to the poet.'

These wonderfully introspective songs represent a late, ascetic style in Wolf's oeuvre and would surely have been orchestrated by the composer, had he retained his health and sanity – the orchestrated versions by Kim Borg, undertaken in the 1950s, show us what might have been.

1 **Auf dem See**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Und frische Nahrung, neues Blut,
Wie ist Natur so hold und gut,
Die mich am Busen hält!
Die Welle wieget unsern Kahn
Im Rudertakt hinauf,
Und Berge, wolkig himmelan,
Begegnen unserm Lauf.

Aug', mein Aug', was sinkst du nieder?
Goldne Träume, kommt ihr wieder?
Weg, du Traum! so hold du bist;
Hier auch Lieb' und Leben ist.

Auf der Welle blinken
Tausend schwebende Sterne,
Weiche Nebel trinken
Rings die türmende Ferne;
Morgenwind umflügelt
Die beschattete Bucht,
Und im See bespiegelt
Sich die reifende Frucht.

On the lake

*And fresh nourishment, new blood –
How sweet and kindly Nature is,
Who holds me to her breast!
The waves cradle our boat
To the rhythm of the oars,
And mountains, soaring skywards in cloud,
Meet us in our path.*

*Why, my eyes, do you look down?
Golden dreams, will you return?
Away, O dream, however wonderful;
Here too is love and life.*

*Stars in their thousands
Drift and glitter on the waves,
Gentle mists drink in
The towering skyline;
Morning breezes flutter
Round the shaded bay,
And the ripening fruit
Is reflected in the lake.*

2 **Erster Verlust**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
Jene Tage der ersten Liebe,
Ach, wer bringt nur eine Stunde
Jener holden Zeit zurück!

Einsam nähr' ich meine Wunde,
Und mit stets erneuter Klage
Traur' ich um's verlorne Glück.

Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
Jene holde Zeit zurück!

Sechs Lieder für eine Frauenstimme

3 i **Morgentau**

Anonymous

Der Frühhauch hat gefächelt
Hinweg die schwüle Nacht,
Die Flur holdselig lächelt
In ihrer Lenzespracht;
Mild singt vom dunklen Baume
Ein Vöglein in der Früh,
Es singt noch halb im Traume
Gar süsse Melodie.

Die Rosenknospe hebet
Empor ihr Köpfchen bang,
Denn wundersam durchbebet
Hat sie der süsse Sang;
Und mehr und mehr enthüllet
Sich ihrer Blätter Füll',
Und eine Träne quillet
Hervor so heimlich still.

First loss

*Ah, who will bring the fair days back,
Those days of first love,
Ah, who will bring but one hour back
Of that radiant time!*

*In my loneliness I feel my wound,
And with ever renewed lament
Mourn the happiness I lost.*

*Ah, who will bring the fair days back,
That radiant time!*

Six songs for a female voice

Morning dew

*The breath of dawn has fanned
Away the sultry night,
The meadow smiles blissfully
In its springtime splendour;
From the dark tree gently sings
A little bird at dawn,
Half-dreaming, it still sings
Some sweet melody.*

*The rose-bud lifts
Its head timorously aloft,
For the sweet song
Has magically thrilled her through;
Her abundant petals
Unfold more and more,
And a tear wells up
So secretly and silent.*

4 ii **Das Vöglein**

Friedrich Hebbel (1813-1863)

Vöglein vom Zweig
 Gaukelt hernieder;
 Lustig sogleich
 Schwingt es sich wieder.

Jetzt dir so nah,
 Jetzt sich versteckend;
 Ahermals da,
 Scherzend und neckend.

Tastest du zu,
 Bist du betrogen,
 Spottend im Nu
 Ist es entflohen.

Still! bis zur Hand
 Wird's dir noch hüpfen,
 Bist du gewandt,
 Kann's nicht entschlüpfen.

Ist's denn so schwer,
 Das zu erwarten?
 Schau um dich her:
 Blühender Garten!

Ei, du verzagst?
 Lass es gewähren,
 Bis du's erjagst,
 Kannst du's entbehren.

Wird es auch dann
 Wenig nur bringen;
 Aber es kann
 Süssestes singen.

The little bird

*The little bird flutters
 Down from its branch;
 And in a trice
 Happily flies back again.*

*Now it is near you,
 Now it is hiding,
 There it comes again,
 Playing and teasing.*

*If you try to touch it,
 You'll be foiled,
 Off it flies in a flash,
 Mockingly away.*

*Be quiet! Right up to your hand
 It will come hopping,
 If you are quick,
 It won't escape.*

*Is it really so hard
 To wait for that moment?
 Look about you
 At the garden in bloom!*

*What? You despair?
 Let it have its own way –
 Until you catch it,
 You can do without it.*

*Even then it will
 Bring you little;
 But it can
 Sing most sweetly.*

5 iii **Die Spinnerin**

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

„O süsse Mutter,
Ich kann nicht spinnen,
Ich kann nicht sitzen
Im Stübchen innen
Im engen Haus;
Es stockt das Rädchen,
Es reisst das Fädchen,
O süsse Mutter,
Ich muss hinaus.

„Der Frühling gucket
Hell durch die Scheiben,
Wer kann nun sitzen,
Wer kann nun bleiben
Und fleissig sein?
O lass mich gehen,
Und lass mich sehen,
Ob ich kann fliegen
Wie's Vögelein.

„O lass mich sehen,
O lass mich lauschen,
Wo Lüftlein wehen,
Wo Bächlein rauschen,
Wo Blümlein blühh.
Lass sie mich pflücken,
Und schön mir schmücken
Die braunen Locken
Mit buntem Grün.

The spinning girl

*“O mother dear,
I can spin no more,
I can sit no longer
In my little room
In this poky house;
The wheel stops,
The thread snaps,
O mother dear,
I must go out.*

*“The spring peers
Brightly through the panes,
Who can sit down,
Who can stay indoors
And be busy?
O let me go,
And let me see
If I can fly
Like the birds.*

*“O let me watch,
O let me listen,
Where breezes blow,
Where streams murmur,
Where flowers bloom.
Let me pluck them,
And let me adorn
My brown locks
With bright green.*

„Und kommen Knaben
In wilden Haufen,
So will ich traben,
So will ich laufen,
Nicht stille stehn;
Will hinter Hecken
Mich hier verstecken,
Bis sie mit Lärmen
Vorüber gehn.

„Bringt aber Blumen
Ein frommer Knabe,
Die ich zum Kranze
Just nötig habe;
Was soll ich tun?
Darf ich wohl nickend,
Ihm freundlich blickend,
O süsse Mutter,
Zur Seit' ihm ruhn?“

*“And if boys come by
In wild gangs,
I'll make off,
I'll run away
And not stand still;
Here I'll hide
Behind the hedge,
Till they and their noise
Have gone away.*

*“But if a nice young man
Should bring me flowers
That I need just then
For a garland;
What shall I do?
Might I not nod
And smile at him,
O mother dear,
And lie by his side?“*

6 iv **Wiegenlied im Sommer**

Robert Reinick (1805-1852)

Vom Berg hinabgestiegen
 Ist nun des Tages Rest,
 Mein Kind liegt in der Wiegen,
 Die Vögel all im Nest;
 Nur ein ganz klein Singvögelein
 Ruft weit daher im Dämmerchein:
 „Gut' Nacht! gut' Nacht!
 Lieb Kindlein, gute Nacht!“

Die Wiege geht im Gleise,
 Die Uhr tickt hin und her,
 Die Fliegen nur ganz leise
 Sie summen noch daher.
 Ihr Fliegen, lasst mein Kind in Ruh!
 Was summt ihr ihm so heimlich zu?
 „Gut' Nacht! gut' Nacht!
 Lieb Kindlein, gute Nacht!“

Der Vogel und die Sterne
 Und Alle rings umher,
 Sie haben mein Kind so gerne,
 Die Engel noch viel mehr.
 Sie decken's mit den Flügeln zu
 Und singen leise: „Schlaf in Ruh!
 Gut' Nacht! gut' Nacht!
 Lieb' Kindlein, gute Nacht!“

A lullaby in summer

*What remains of day
 Has now descended from the mountain,
 My child lies in its cradle,
 The birds are all in their nests,
 Just one tiny little song-bird
 Calls from afar in the twilight:
 "Good night! good night!
 Dearest child, good night!"*

*The cradle goes on rocking,
 The clock ticks to and fro,
 The flies very quietly still
 Come buzzing through the air.
 Leave my child in peace, you flies!
 Why buzz at him so secretly?
 "Good night! good night!
 Dearest child, good night!"*

*The birds and the stars,
 And all things round about,
 Are so very fond of my child,
 The angels even fonder.
 They cover him with their wings
 And softly sing: "Sleep in peace!
 Good night! good night!
 Dearest child, good night!"*

7 v **Wiegenlied im Winter**

Robert Reinick

Schlaf ein, mein süßes Kind,
 Da draussen geht der Wind,
 Er pocht ans Fenster und schaut hinein,
 Und hört er wo ein Kindlein schrei'n,
 Da schilt und summt und brummt er sehr,
 Holt gleich sein Bett voll Schnee daher,
 Und deckt es auf die Wiegen,
 Wenn's Kind nicht still will liegen.

Schlaf ein, mein süßes Kind,
 Da draussen geht der Wind,
 Er rüttelt an dem Tannenbaum,
 Da fliegt heraus ein schöner Traum,
 Der fliegt durch Schnee und Nacht und Wind
 Geschwind, geschwind zum lieben Kind,
 Und singt von Licht und Kränzen,
 Die bald am Christbaum glänzen.

Schlaf ein, mein süßes Kind,
 Da draussen bläst der Wind,
 Doch ruft die Sonne: "Grüss euch Gott!"
 Bläst er dem Kind die Backen rot,
 Und sagt der Frühling: "Guten Tag!"
 Bläst er die ganze Erde wach,
 Und was erst still gelegen,
 Springt lustig allerwegen.
 Jetzt schlaf', mein süßes Kind,
 Da draussen bläst der Wind!

A lullaby in winter

*Go to sleep, my sweet child,
 Outside the wind is blowing,
 He knocks at the window and looks inside,
 And if he hears a baby cry,
 He scolds and hums and mutters aloud,
 Fetches at once his bedful of snow
 And lays it on the cradle,
 If the child will not lie still.*

*Go to sleep, my sweet child,
 Outside the wind is blowing,
 He rattles on the fir tree,
 And out flies a lovely dream,
 Flies through snow and night and wind,
 Quickly, quickly to the darling child,
 And sings of lights and wreaths
 That soon will shine on the Christmas tree.*

*Go to sleep, my child,
 Outside the wind is blowing,
 But when the sun cries: 'Good morning!',
 He blows till my child's cheeks are red,
 And if the Spring should cry: 'Good day!',
 It blows till all the world's awake,
 And all that was lying still
 Leaps merrily around.
 Go to sleep now, sweet child,
 Outside the wind is blowing.*

8 vi **Mausfallen-Sprüchlein**

Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Kleine Gäste, kleines Haus.
 Liebe Mäusin oder Maus,
 Stelle dich nur kecklich ein
 Heute nacht bei Mondenschein!
 Mach aber die Tür fein hinter dir zu,
 Hörst du?
 Dabei hüte dein Schwänzchen!
 Nach Tische singen wir,
 Nach Tische springen wir
 Und machen ein Tänzchen:
 Witt witt!
 Meine alte Katze tanzt wahrscheinlich mit.

9 **Gretchen vor dem Andachtsbild
der Mater Dolorosa**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ach neige,
 Du Schmerzenreiche,
 Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Not!

Das Schwert im Herzen,
 Mit tausend Schmerzen
 Blickst auf zu deines Sohnes Tod.

Zum Vater blickst du,
 Und Seufzer schickst du
 Hinauf um sein' und deine Not.

Wer fühlet,
 Wie wühlet
 Der Schmerz mir im Gebein?
 Was mein armes Herz hier banget,
 Was es zittert, was verlangt,
 Weisst nur du, nur du allein!

Mousetrap incantation

*Little guests, little house.
 Dear Mrs or Mr Mouse,
 Just drop boldly by
 Tonight in the moonlight!
 But be sure to close the door behind you,
 Do you hear?
 And watch out for your tail!
 After supper we'll sing,
 After supper we'll leap
 And dance a little dance;
 Witt witt!
 My old cat might well dance with us too.*

Gretchen before the Mater Dolorosa

*Ah, incline your face,
 You who are full of sorrow,
 To my distress!*

*With the sword in your heart,
 And a thousand griefs,
 You look up at your dying son.*

*You gaze up at the Father
 And utter sighs
 For his affliction and your own.*

*Who can feel
 How the pain
 Churns in my very bones?
 What my poor heart dreads,
 Why it quakes, what it craves,
 Only you, only you can know!*

Wohin ich immer gehe,
Wie weh, wie weh, wie wehe
Wird mir im Busen hier!
Ich bin, ach, kaum alleine,
Ich wein', ich wein', ich weine,
Das Herz zerbricht in mir.

Die Scherben vor meinem Fenster
Betaut ich mit Tränen, ach!
Als ich am frühen Morgen
Dir diese Blumen brach.

Schien hell in meine Kammer
Die Sonne früh herauf,
Sass ich in allem Jammer
In meinem Bett schon auf.

Hilf! rette mich von Schmach und Tod!
Ach, neige,
Du Schmerzenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Not!

*Wherever I go,
How it throbs, how it throbs
Here in my breast!
Alas, no sooner am I alone,
I weep, I weep, I weep,
And my heart breaks.*

*The flower-pots outside my window
I bedewed, ah! with my tears,
When early this morning
I picked for you these flowers.*

*When the bright sun
Shone early into my room,
I was sitting bolt upright
In my bed, in utter distress.*

*Help! save me from disgrace and death!
Ah, incline your face,
You who are full of sorrow,
To my distress!*

**Sechs Gedichte von Scheffel, Mörike,
Goethe und Kerner**

10 i **Wächterlied auf der Wartburg**
Joseph Victor von Scheffel (1826-1886)

Schwingt Euch auf, Posaunenchöre,
Dass in sternenklarer Nacht,
Gott der Herr ein Loblied höre,
Von der Türme hoher Wacht;

Seine Hand führt die Planeten
Sichern Laufs durch Raum und Zeit,
Führt die Seele nach den Fehden
Dieser Welt zur Ewigkeit.

Ein Jahrhundert will zerrinnen
Und ein neues hebt sich an,
Wohl dem, der mit reinen Sinnen
Stetig wandelt seine Bahn!

Klirrt sie auch in Stahl und Eisen,
Goldne Zeit folgt der von Erz,
Und zum Heil, das ihm verheissen,
Dringt mit Kampf ein männlich Herz.

Rüstig mög' drum jeder schaffen,
Was sich ziemt nach Recht und Fug,
In der Kutte, in den Waffen,
In der Werkstatt wie am Pflug.

Dazu, Herr, den Segen sende
Deiner Burg, dem Berg, der Au',
Netz' an des Jahrhunderts Wende
Sie mit deiner Sälde Tau.

**Six poems of Scheffel, Mörike,
Goethe and Kerner**

Watchman's song from the Wartburg

*Soar on high, you serried ranks of trumpets,
That in the clear starry night
The Lord God might hear a song of praise
From the lofty watch-towers;*

*His hand guides the planets
Surely through space and time,
Guides the soul through the strife
Of this world into eternity.*

*A century is about to vanish,
And a new one is dawning;
Happy is he, who with a pure heart
Steadfastly pursues his path!*

*Though we now hear the clash of steel and iron,
A golden age will follow this one of base metal,
And a manly heart shall win its way through
To the promised salvation.*

*So let everyone with vigour
Do his duty, as is right and proper,
In a cowl or in armour,
In the workshop or at the plough.*

*Therefore, Lord, pour out your blessing
On your castle, mountain and meadow,
Bedew them, as this century turns,
With your beneficence.*

11 ii **Der König bei der Krönung**

Eduard Mörike

Dir angetrauet am Altare,
O Vaterland, wie bin ich dein!
Lass für das Rechte mich und Wahre
Nun Priester oder Opfer sein!

Geuss auf mein Haupt, Herr, deine Schale,
Ein köstlich Öl des Friedens, aus,
Dass ich wie eine Sonne strahle
Dem Vaterland und meinem Haus!

12 iii **Biterolf**

Joseph Victor von Scheffel

Kampfmüd' und sonn'verbrannt,
Fern an der Heiden Strand,
Waldgrünes Thüringland,
Denk' ich an dich.

Mildklarer Sternenschein,
Du sollst mir Bote sein,
Geh, grüss die Heimat mein,
Weit über Meer!

Feinden von allerwärts
Trotzt meiner Waffen Erz;
Wider der Sehnsucht Schmerz
Schirmt mich kein Schild.

Doch wie das Herz auch klagt,
Ausharr' ich unverzagt:
Wer Gottes Fahrt gewagt,
Trägt still sein Kreuz.

The King at his coronation

*Wedded to you at the altar,
O Fatherland, I am yours!
For the righteous and true, let me
Now be a priest or a sacrifice!*

*Pour out upon my head, Lord, your cup,
With the precious oil of peace – pour it out
So that I can shine like the sun
Upon my Fatherland and my home!*

Biterolf

*Battle-weary and sun-scorched,
Far away on a heathen shore,
Green-forested Thuringia,
I think of you.*

*Soft bright starlight,
You shall be my messenger,
Go, greet my homeland
Far across the sea.*

*My weapons' steel defies
Enemies from every quarter;
Yet against the ache of longing
No shield protects me.*

*But however my heart complains
I shall endure undaunted:
He who has ventured forth on God's crusade
Bears his cross uncomplaining.*

13 iv **Beherzigung I**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Feiger Gedanken
 Bängliches Schwanken,
 Weibisches Zagen,
 Ängstliches Klagen
 Wendet kein Elend,
 Macht dich nicht frei.

Allen Gewalten
 Zum Trutz sich erhalten,
 Nimmer sich beugen,
 Kräftig sich zeigen,
 Rufet die Arme
 Der Götter herbei!

14 v **Wanderers Nachtlid**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Der du von den Himmel bist,
 Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillst,
 Den, der doppelt elend ist,
 Doppelt mit Erquickung füllst,
 Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde!
 Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?
 Süßer Friede!
 Komm, ach komm in meine Brust!

Take this to heart

*Cowardly thoughts,
 Fearful hesitation,
 Womanish timidity,
 Anxious lamenting
 Will not avert sorrow,
 Will not make you free.*

*If you defy
 All force,
 If you never surrender,
 If you show strength –
 That will bring
 The help of the gods!*

Wanderer's nightsong

*You who come from heaven,
 Soothing all pain and sorrow,
 Filling the doubly wretched
 Doubly with refreshment,
 Ah, I am weary of this restlessness!
 What use is all this joy and pain?
 Sweet peace!
 Come, ah come into my breast!*

- 15 vi **Zur Ruh, zur Ruh!**
Justinus Kerner (1786-1862)

Zur Ruh, zur Ruh,
Ihr müden Glieder!
Schliesst fest euch zu,
Ihr Augenlider!
Ich bin allein,
Fort ist die Erde;
Nacht muss es sein,
Dass Licht mir werde.
O führt mich ganz,
Ihr innern Mächte!
Hin zu dem Glanz
Der tiefsten Nächte.
Fort aus dem Raum
Der Erdschmerzen
Durch Nacht und Traum
Zum Mutterherzen!

To rest, to rest!

*To rest, to rest,
You weary limbs!
Close tight,
You eyelids!
I am alone,
The world is left behind;
Night must come
That I may find light.
O lead me on,
You inner powers!
To the radiance
Of the darkest nights.
Far away from earth
And its anguish
Through night and dream
To a mother's heart!*

16 **Suschens Vogel**

Eduard Mörike

Ich hatt ein Vöglein, ach wie fein!
Kein schöners mag wohl nimmer sein:

Hätt auf der Brust ein Herzlein rot
Und sung und sung sich schier zu Tod.

Herzvogel mein, du Vogel schön,
Nun sollt du mit zu Markte gehn! –

Und als ich in das Städtlein kam,
Er sass auf meiner Achsel zahm.

Und als ich ging am Haus vorbei
Des Knaben, dem ich brach die Treu,

Der Knab just aus dem Fenster sah,
Mit seinem Finger schnalzt er da:

Wie horchet gleich mein Vogel auf!
Zum Knaben fliegt er husch! hinauf;

Der koset ihn so lieb und hold;
Ich wusst nicht, was ich machen sollt,

Und stund, im Herzen so erschreckt,
Mit Händen mein Gesichte deckt,

Und schlich davon und weinet sehr,
Ich hört ihn rufen hinterher:

„Du falsche Maid, behüt dich Gott,
Ich hab doch wieder mein Herzlein rot.“

Suzu's bird

*I once had a bird, ah so exquisite!
No fairer bird could ever have been:*

*It had on its breast a little red heart
And sang and sang till it almost died.*

*O bird of my heart, you lovely bird,
You must now go to market with me! –*

*And as I entered the little town,
The bird sat tamely on my shoulder.*

*And when I went past the house
Of the boy, to whom I had been untrue,*

*That boy was looking from his window,
And suddenly he snapped his fingers:*

*How my bird took notice at once!
In a flash he flew up to the boy;*

*Who cuddled him with love and kindness;
I did not know how I should act,*

*And stood there with a frightened heart,
And covered with my hands my face,*

*And crept away and wept and wept,
I heard him calling after me:*

*“You faithless girl, may God protect you!
I have once more my little red heart.”*

17 Die Tochter der Heide

Eduard Mörike

Wasch dich, mein Schwesterchen, wasch dich!
 Zu Robins Hochzeit gehn wir heut:
 Er hat die stolze Ruth gefreit.
 Wir kommen ungebeten;
 Wir schmausen nicht, wir tanzen nicht,
 Und nicht mit lachendem Gesicht
 Komm ich vor ihn zu treten.

Strahl dich, mein Schwesterchen, strahl dich!
 Wir wollen ihm singen ein Rätsel-Lied,
 Wir wollen ihm klingen ein böses Lied;
 Die Ohren sollen ihm gellen.
 Ich will ihr schenken einen Kranz
 Von Nesseln und von Dornen ganz:
 Damit fährt sie zur Hölle!

Schick dich, mein Schwesterchen, schmück dich!
 Derweil sie alle sind am Schmaus,
 Soll rot in Flammen stehn das Haus,
 Die Gäste schreien und rennen.
 Zwei sollen sitzen unverwandt,
 Zwei hat ein Sprüchlein festgebant;
 Zu Kohle müssen sie brennen!

Lustig, mein Schwesterchen, lustig!
 Das war ein alter Ammensang.
 Den falschen Rob vergass ich lang.
 Er soll mich sehen lachen!
 Hab ich doch einen andern Schatz,
 Der mit mir tanzt auf dem Platz -
 Sie werden Augen machen!

The daughter of the heath

*Wash yourself, my sister, wash yourself!
 To Robin's wedding we'll go today:
 He has wooed and won that proud Ruth.
 We shall come uninvited;
 We shall not feast, we shall not dance,
 And I shall not be laughing
 When I step before him.*

*Comb your hair, my sister, comb your hair!
 We shall sing him a riddle,
 We shall play him a wicked song;
 The noise will make his ears ring.
 To her I'll give a wreath
 Of nothing but nettles and thorns:
 She can wear it on her way to hell!*

*Resign yourself, my sister, adorn yourself!
 While they are all at the feast,
 The house shall burn red with flames,
 The guests shall scream and flee.
 But two shall sit rooted to the spot,
 A spell has transfixed two of them;
 They must burn to coal!*

*I was joking, my sister, joking!
 That was an old wives' tale.
 I've long forgotten faithless Rob.
 He shall see me laugh!
 For I have got another lover,
 Who'll dance with me there -
 They shall be amazed!*

18 **Sehnsucht**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Was zieht mir das Herz so?
Was zieht mich hinaus?
Und windet und schraubt mich
Aus Zimmer und Haus?
Wie dort sich die Wolken
Um Felsen verziehn!
Da möcht ich hinüber,
Da möcht ich wohl hin!

Nun wiegt sich der Raben
Geselliger Flug;
Ich mische mich drunter
Und folge dem Zug.
Und Berg und Gemäuer
Umfittigen wir;
Sie weilet da drunten,
Ich spähe nach ihr.

Da kommt sie und wandelt!
Ich eile sobald,
Ein singender Vogel,
Zum buschichten Wald.
Sie weilet und horchet
Und lächelt mit sich:
„Er singet es so lieblich
Und singt es an mich.“

Die scheidende Sonne
Verguldet die Höh'n;
Die sinnende Schöne,
Sie lässt es geschehn.
Sie wandelt am Bache
Die Wiesen entlang,
Und finst'rer und finst'rer,
Umschlingt sich der Gang.

Longing

*What pulls at my heart so?
What draws me outside?
And wrenches and wrests me
From room and house?
How the clouds disperse
About those cliffs!
That's where I'd like to be,
That's where I'd like to go.*

*The gregarious ravens
Wing through the air;
I mingle with them
And follow their flight.
We flutter around
Mountains and ruins:
Her home's in the valley,
I look out for her.*

*Suddenly I see her walking!
I hasten at once,
Singing like a bird,
To the bushy woods.
She lingers and listens
And smiles to herself:
"He sings it so sweetly
And he sings it for me."*

*The setting sun
Turns the mountains gold;
My sweetheart muses
And gives it no thought.
She walks by the stream
Across the meadows,
The winding path
Grows dark and darker.*

Auf einmal erschein' ich,
Ein blinkender Stern.
,Was glänzet da droben,
So nah und so fern?“
Und hast du mit Staunen
Das Leuchten erblickt,
Ich lieg dir zu Füßen,
Da bin ich beglückt!

19 **Der Fischer**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Das Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll,
Ein Fischer sass daran,
Sah nach der Angel ruhevoll,
Kühl bis ans Herz hinein.
Und wie er sitzt und wie er lauscht,
Teilt sich die Flut empor;
Aus dem bewegten Wasser rauscht
Ein feuchtes Weib hervor.

*All at once I appear,
A glittering star.
"What's shining up there
So near and so far?"
And when, astonished,
You've caught sight of the gleam –
I'll be lying at your feet,
Filled with delight!*

The angler

*The water rushed, the water rose,
An angler on the bank
Sat gazing calmly at his line,
Cool to his very heart.
And as he sits and listens,
The waters surge and part;
And from the water's churning swell
A water-nymph arose.*

Drei Gedichte von Michelangelo

Walter Robert-Tornow (1852-1895)

after Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564)

20 i Wohl denk' ich oft

Wohl denk' ich oft an mein vergang'nes Leben,
Wie es, vor meiner Liebe für Dich, war;
Kein Mensch hat damals Acht auf
mich gegeben,
Ein jeder Tag verloren für mich war.
Ich dachte wohl, ganz dem Gesang zu leben,
Auch mich zu flüchten aus der
Menschen Schar...
Genannt in Lob und Tadel bin ich heute,
Und, dass ich da bin, wissen alle Leute!

21 ii Alles endet, was entsteht

Alles endet, was entsteht,
Alles, alles rings vergehet.
Denn die Zeit flieht, und die Sonne sieht,
Dass Alles rings vergehet,
Denken, Reden, Schmerz und Wonne;
Und die wir zu Enkeln hatten,
Schwanden wie bei Tag die Schatten,
Wie ein Dunst im Windeshauch.
Menschen waren wir ja auch,
Froh und traurig, so wie ihr;
Und nun sind wir leblos hier,
Sind nur Erde, wie ihr sehet;
Alles endet, was entsteht,
Alles, alles rings vergehet!

Three poems of Michelangelo

I often recall

*I often recall my past life,
As it was before I loved you;
No one then paid heed
to me,
Each day for me was a loss;
I thought to live for song alone,
And flee the thronging
crowd.
Today my name is praised and censured,
And the entire world knows that I exist!*

All must end that has beginning

*All must end that has beginning,
All things round us perish,
For time is fleeting, and the sun sees
That all things round us perish,
Thought, speech, pain and rapture;
And our children's children
Vanished as shadows by day,
As mists in a breeze.
We were also human beings,
With joys and sorrows like your own.
And now there is no life in us here,
We are but earth, as you can see;
All must end that has beginning,
All things round us perish!*

Fühlt meine Seele das ersehnte Licht
 Von Gott, der sie erschuf? Ist es der Strahl
 Von and'rer Schönheit aus dem Jammertal,
 Der in mein Herz erinnerungweckend bricht?

Ist es ein Klang, ein Traumgesicht,
 Das Aug' und Herz mir füllt mit einem Mal
 In unbegreiflich glüh'nder Qual,
 Die mich zu Tränen bringt? Ich weiss es nicht.

Was ich ersehne, fühle, was mich lenkt,
 Ist nicht in mir: Sag' mir, wie ich's erwerbe?
 Mir zeigt es wohl nur eines And'ren Huld.

Darein bin ich, seit ich Dich sah, versenkt;
 Mich treibt ein Ja und Nein, ein
 Stüss und Herbe...
 Daran sind, Herrin, Deine Augen Schuld!

Is it the longed-for light of God

*Does my soul feel the longed-for light
 Of God who created it? Is it the ray
 Of some other beauty from this vale of tears
 That storms my heart, awakening memories?*

*Is it a sound, a vision in a dream
 That suddenly fills my eyes and heart
 With inconceivable, searing pain,
 Reducing me to tears? I do not know.*

*What I long for, what I feel, what guides me
 Is not in me: tell me how to achieve it!
 Only another's favour is likely to reveal it.*

*This has absorbed me, since seeing you.
 I am torn between yes and no, bitterness
 and sweetness –
 Your eyes, my lady, are the cause!*

Stone Records and Oxford Lieder are very grateful to the following for their generous support of this recording:

Pepe Catalan & Harry Dickinson, Penny Clark, Rachel & Charles Henderson, Dr & Mrs Peter Johnson, Edward Knighton, Robert & Margaret Lyons, John & Julia Melvin, Christopher Mott, Mark Anthony Pedroz, David Pendrill, Anthony Phelan, Prof. Anthony & Mrs Katherine Pinching, Will & Annie Price, Jonathan Réé, Jim Tothill, Sonya & Tom Ulrich and several anonymous donors.

Produced and edited by Matthew Bennett.

Engineered by Julian Millard.

Recorded 29 June 2013 at St John the Evangelist, Oxford, U.K., with thanks to SJE Arts, Michele Smith and Sally Doyle.

Steinway technician: Joseph Taylor.

Publisher: Hugo Wolf Complete Edition, Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag, Vienna.

Composer biography © 2011 Mark Stone.

Song notes © 2014 Richard Stokes.

English translations © 2013 Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder*, published by Faber and Faber.

Front cover: photograph of Hugo Wolf; reproduced by permission of akg-images.

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photograph of Sholto Kynoch © 2016 Raphaele Photography.

Reverse inlay: portrait of Michelangelo Buonarroti by Daniele da Volterra.

Graphic design: Colour Blind Design.

Printed in the E.U.

5 0 6 0 1 9 2 7 8 0 6 7 3

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